



Moody Moorah



24 2 2

Chapter 1 by Lizabeth Sche

So I am Moorah and you can read my story or whatever. Nobody's putting a gun to your head. I woke up like this, in a mood. It happens more and more now. Just keep your head down, I tell myself. Life is definitely not a box of chocolates for me. If anything can go wrong, it will. My foster mom says it's my pessimism that causes it. She's wrong. The crappy circumstances cause the pessimism.

My real parents ditched me. I don't even know where they are or why. This is my third foster home this year. When it gets unbearable, I bolt.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I'm getting close to the boiling point. Nothing is stopping me. Well, my foster mom will try to, at least. I know that she doesn't trust me. No normal sixteen year old girl has twenty locks installed on her door. Or iron bars across her window. Mrs. Mindy was an odd sort. I had never had a foster mom quite like her. I didn't understand how any one woman could be so disinterested in my life and yet spout so many "healing" quotes in my direction, hoping one would stick. The one about my pessimism was just one of an ocean. She was trying to drown me.

I lace up my shoes. Yeah, tonight seems like a good night to make a run for it. Might as well start early.

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Chapter 3 by Lizabeth Sche

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I was on the second floor without a balcony or ledge. I was locked in on purpose. This would take her a while to figure out I was gone. When I was little, I saw in a movie, the inspiration for my next move. I unhung some of my clothes from the closet to expose the strong wooden cylinder. I removed both my sheets from my full sized bed and began tying them together, lengthwise. They were transformed into my rope and portal into a new life. I was seventeen and I could make it on my own. I had already arranged for a sturdy, reliable ex to wait below my window, should I need help. I peeked and there he was. We smiled at each other.

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